the prevalent feeling of the times more to an architectural embellishment than to a branch of art *per se*, sculpture was not wholly extinct, and what she could not effect by direct action she aimed at in the spirit of a sister art; and while painting, which in its earliest form was essentially statuesque in its expression, melted into the warm life of colour and chiaroscuro, mediæval sculpture at length realised the constrained stiffness of its contour and formality of arrangement by a pictorial grace of countenance and expression, whose place in the classic school was supplied by the pervading beauty of the form.* S. H.

## ARCHITECTURUS TO HIS SON.

THE LAMP OF MAKING A LIVING: CONCLUSION.

AFTER all, my son, this last lamp is perhaps the lamp of purest and most satisfying ray serene. After all, perhaps, the old Epicureans were right,—that quiet comforts and fireside virtues are a better happiness, both now and at the end, than pompous power, or dreamy poetry, or even laborious goodness. That worthy and ancient treatise, "The Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines,"—the elaborate text-book in whose awful fields the young idea north of the Tweed is taught most dismally to shoot,—till the mere suggestion of its venerable name (as I well remember) comes to awaken in the juvenile mind no association but that of the utmost punishment and distress,—propounds, you must know, as its first question and elementary axiom, no such problem as, "What is your name?" but the bold and characteristic interrogatory, "What is the chief end of man?" To which, in moments of levity, many very various solutions have been suggested: till, at last, the ponderous wit of our Thomas Carlyle—leviathan rolling in the sun—propounds an answer, which, had it been so propounded in the days of the dominancy of that same Westminster Assembly, would have put him irrecoverably into the Tower,—"the chief end of man," says he, "is to eat and to find eatables." And so, on another hand, "Roast mutton," says Sydney Smith, "is the end of good legislation." If so, then is this our last lamp of making a living truly the best lamp of all the seven. I would wish to see my son a man of thoughtful science; I would wish to see him a man of keenest appreciation of beauty-work; I would wish to see his name transmitted to those who may come after as a worthy follower of the best who have gone before; but I would rather that he should fail in any or in all of these, than that he should carry an empty purse or his children's home be cold.

Now, what shall I say to you of this making a living? A question so universally a matter of instinct that one might wonder what can be said at all of a thing so simple; and yet a question of such complex nature in our art-ficiality of life—a question of such deep and far-fetched theory—that one ought rather to wonder what can be said at all of a thing so difficult. Yes, indeed, this question of making a living,—so potent an agency, so elastic a material, so explosive a thing is it, when you cast its theories into the fire of popular ferment, that not four years ago, in the hands of very humble men, it blew up thrones all round us, and wrecked its own fanciful commonwealths to boot; yes, indeed, so potent and inexplicable is it that in our very midst at this day the sophistries of half-read speculatists are so causing it to boil and heave and throw out threatening vapours, that if the matter were not in the honest hands of the best class of English mechanics—such men as I have heard a venerable political authority seriously declare, from his own experience of *all classes*, to be *the best class* in the *community*, we might dread to see even yet a French February 1849 in an English February 1852.

But we need not dwell upon generalities. Even although it is by no means my purpose to attempt an exposition of the theory of the architect's housekeeping, there is abundant matter ready to any one's hand for no small discussion as regards more than one question of the architect's position in business.

The summit of attainment in business for the architect, as the reward of experience and merit, is to be entrusted with the charge of important, extensive, elaborate, and decorative works—the great buildings of the period; and this not only as matter of renown, but as matter of profit. It is the same with the lawyer,—to be entrusted with important cases and estates; with the physician,—to be entrusted with the care of the most valuable lives; with the divine,—to be entrusted with the high charge of a bishopric; with the military or naval officer,—to be entrusted with important commands; with the engineer,—to be entrusted with operations of magnitude and skill; with the painter or sculptor,—to be entrusted with noble commissions; and so on in a wide range upwards and downwards. That is to say, like every other person in so far similar circumstances, the architect must begin at the lower steps of the ladder of progress, and work his way patiently up.

But there are but few who attain to such a summit as this; we cannot be every one a Barry, or a Smirke, a Blore, a Pennethorne, a Burn, or a Scott. Still for the others there is no lack of summits, more or less honourable and more or less profitable; indeed, there are more numerous directions of endeavour in the architectural profession than I care at present to catalogue, even if I were able to record them all,—so that for every variety of inclination and capability there is a fair field for the exercise of carefulness, perseverance, and energy, with the hope of ultimate success and satisfaction. The theory of success in this profession is in no wise different from what it is in others—in fact, in every department of life,—to learn your work well, and to do your work well, to make friends and to keep them, to be diligent, upright, and prudent. I care not what a man's business may be—from a king to a daily labourer—these are the elements of success which will carry him to the utmost attainments of his capacity in his walk of life; and these are the elements without which it is vain to expect such attainments. If you do not *learn* your work well, you cannot do it well,—you put your friends to shame,—diligence has a millstone round its neck,—prudence and uprightness are both in danger; if you do not *do* your work well, it matters not how well you know it,—you are the same as if you knew it not; if you do not *make* friends, not ever so large a sign-board will attract them to your door,—your skill is waste, and your diligence must be barren; if you do not *keep* your friends, you need scarcely make them; without *diligence* you reap but the sluggard's harvest of thistles; without *uprightness*, skill, carefulness, diligence, and prudence lead but a sickly life,—and friends made can never be kept; without *prudence* the best ship that ever sailed the sea may be lost in a moment, despite of all other excellence,—and all that excellence be lost to boot.

I may perhaps hazard the proposition that there are two ways of making one's fortune (as the phrase goes) in any department of business,—as, indeed, in achieving greatness in any department of human endeavour; first, by toiling diligently with the crowd along the beaten track, till patience and perseverance slowly attain the goal; secondly, by striking out some new path, and pressing on the unimpeded way fearlessly and alone. The first is the course of plodding commonplace; the second, the race of genius. There is a third way, however, which must not be forgotten, so far as the enumeration goes,—and perhaps the most successful of all in the way of taking the world by storm, in whatever matter; by assuming the brazen mask, and bullying, or blarneying, or teazing, or otherwise manœuvring this gullible old world, perhaps all the while against its very eyesight, to serve your ends. Simply by taking advantage of the world's politeness—of the unwillingness of respectable men to call a spade a spade to its face, or a quack a quack—there are thousands, as every one knows, who win their way to more or less of good fortune, and success, and fame, just as their amount of ability and assurance may be, laughing in their sleeve all the while at this very politeness of the world by which they live, and perhaps even in meditative moments scorning bitterly its imbecility and heartlessness, which can permit such as themselves, by the sheer vigour of impudence, to pick its pockets under its dignified nose, while virtue walks ill clad and intellect despised. This worthy class of the community is thoroughly recognised, and its craft specially named, at least in this England,—we call it *humbug*; and the word excites no smile and provokes no scorn,—in fact, is rather associated with some amount of respect, in so far that, as any one will tell you, to be a thorough master of humbug requires talent of a high order, just as it takes a wise man, as the proverb says, to play the fool.

Now, my son, of these three courses, choose one for your own. If your talents tend towards the third of these, I cannot say—do not take it; and, perhaps, as you need never feel ashamed of it, as the world at present seems to go, I ought to say—proclaim it manfully: for would I not rather see you (after a sort) a wealthy and respected humbug, than a needy genius? There are all sorts of men to make up the number; and why should I deny to this sort of men this course as the one pointed out for them by nature? But at the same time, if it be not your talent, give God thanks. All the world over, and all its workings through, high and low, now and for ever, *His* silent honour will attend the soul of the honourable, and none else.

If your mind should show itself capable of genius, let *patience* be the motto of your self-control. Take time. "Never start till you're *ready*," as the Yankees say. And when you are ready, start. "First be sure you're *right*," they say again, "and then go *straight ahead*." Whatever may be the walk of life in which a man may be cast, genius can find an opening to push its way. I could recount legends of noble fortunes by the score won by such persons as an errand-boy, a dustman, a weaver at the loom, a mason in the quarry, a ladder-maker, a soldier in the ranks, a footman in the hall, a pale sempstress, a rosy milkmaid: fortunes, I mean, won by *Genius* in fair and honourable and simple business of their own. There is no department of life where genius cannot found originality; there is no foothold too small or too humble for genius to take its flight from; there is no sphere too obscure for genius to be fostered in. Pins and needles, jet blacking, dust-heaps, soot-bags, pens, ink, dolls' eyes,—none of them are too humble for the display of genius in business. The butcher, the baker, the tailor, the shoemaker, the pig-jobber, and the very donkey-driver and costermonger, are every one alike capable of possessing and displaying in some way or another, and at length magnificently enjoying in fruition, the power of genius.

But if your mind should not tend to the origination of anything in the way of a new course in business, keep to the well-worn track, and let *perseverance* be your motto. This path is the safest, at the least, even if its being the easiest should go for nothing: and in our own department it may be depended upon as providing a fair livelihood for any qualified man, so long as his friends dwell in houses on the ground.

The fair race in the world of business is between these three classes of persons which I have spoken of,—the man of commonplace, the man of genius, and (let me plainly call him by his name) the man of humbug, or the quack. The first has his slow pace against him, the second, his risk of failure, and the third the badness of his cause: and with this balance of chances the contest is an even and fair one, and ought not to be interfered with—as matters go.

Now, in the architectural profession at the present day, I fear this fair race, to some extent, is interfered with. And thus I come to a matter which is of the utmost importance to us in whichever way we view it seriously as pertaining to the question of making a living,—I mean the system of "competitions."

Before entering upon this question, let me dispose of another in some connection with it,

* To be continued.

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